



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

OCTOBER
1965





SOLDIERS of the 1st Battalion, 465th Regiment, use shell holes for cover after taking the objective at Loi Kang, Burma, in February 1945. Enemy was dug in 100 yards from these positions. U. S. Army Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 20, No. 8

October, 1965

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● The war between India and Pakistan, which started in Kashmir, is now the big news about that part of the world which was once a portion of CBI. It would be impossible to cover it here—and unnecessary. It has been headlines in daily newspapers across the nation. But it has brought back many names that were once familiar to American GIs . . . including the names of many former U.S. airfields that are apparently still being used. Some of the stories coming out of this war will be used in Ex-CBI Roundup during the months to come.

● "Return to India" for 1965 was rather indefinite when this issue went to press. Because of war conditions, many cancellations had been received. Perhaps 1966 will be the year!

● We offer no apologies for the subscription rate increase announced in this issue. Our only hope is that it will in some measure offset the rapidly increasing costs of publication, and that we may be able to "hold the line" with it for a few years.

● Cover picture shows members of the 181st Signal Repair Company and personnel of a trucking company posing for photographer at junction of Ledo Road and Burma Road in March 1945. Photo by John Petri.

● Just a year ago we were visiting India again, and relaxing on a houseboat in beautiful Kashmir. Even then there was unrest, with the stage set for the current strife. We sincerely hope that the problems can be solved without too much bloodshed.



Plea for Membership

● At our Houston Reunion, this past August, it was noted that some Bashas across the country, have members not belonging to National CBIVA. I think it should be stressed to those Bashas, the importance of their belonging and holding National membership. We depend upon and look to our National Association for support and guidance, so it is only fitting and fair to support National. This very item becomes important when a bid for a reunion site has been made and is to be considered. Until such time when we arrange for reunions in another manner, our decisions are prompted by areas where National membership is dependable. We need each other to carry on our CBIVA, the fellowship, and good times we have together never fails to be something very special.

MAE BISSELL,
Berkeley, Calif.



INDIAN points to beautiful inlaid work on a wall at Delhi. Photo by C. P. O'Connell.

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Quite Surprised

● Recently received a copy of your magazine and was quite surprised that an organization and publication even existed. It has been many years but I do have many recollections. I was with the 1st Air Commando Group (L-5s) and spent a great deal of time in Burma. I went in at Imbong and followed the British 14th Army through Shilong, Mandalay, Merkula, Tongoo, Pegu and finally into Rangoon.

MERTON LIPSTOCK,
Jericho, N.Y.

Deaths Reported

● My wife and I have taken three trips out West in the last several years and on two trips completed the tour to San Francisco, Los Angeles and various cities on the West coast where we have friends and relatives. Sorry to report, but two former CBI men have passed away. One is Colonel Ralph Richards, Quartermaster, Riverside, Calif., who was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. The other man was former CWO Melvin Genasci, Ordnance, Campbell, Calif. We have visited on our trips out West former CBIers Ralph Schulenberg, St. Louis, Mo.; Robert Gilbert, Canutillo,



AIRFIELD at Liuchow, China, with crushed rock runways built by coolie labor. The field was evacuated in July, 1944, on account of the enemy along the Canton-Hankow railroad. Photo by C. J. Sloanaker.

Tex.; Edward Lopez, Los Cruces, N.M.; Stanley Swafford, Mission, Kans. Needless to say, it certainly was great to talk over old times with these men. Our area here had some CBI men: Colonel Mitchell Jenkins, who was elected as our Congressman after he got out of service; "Chuck" Whittier who was a radio announcer in New Delhi; Art Boote, Mike Manze, John Lopatto and Dave Williams. Some of the fellows would remember me

as the guy who worked for "Planters Peanuts" and was always getting cans of peanuts and giving them to fellow barrack buddies.
ROWE D. HANNON,
Forty Fort, Pa.

L.A. to CBI

● Back on July 4, 1942, I landed in Los Angeles, Calif., with other GIs going to the T.V.A.A.F.T.T.C. at the Anderson Organization, and graduated with the Class of 10-42. We were assigned two to an air field and finally ended up in the CBI. I wonder if there are any of these "classmates" of mine who are still around and remember those classrooms of the Anderson Organization, on Eighth Street and Figueroa in L.A. and the good ole times we had there. I have a graduation picture on den wall and have all the names and faces of the men including our mascot "Blackout." I would like to hear from anyone in that class of Oct. 10, 1942, which I believe was the second class to graduate from that school. Please write to me and will be happy to correspond.

EDWIN L. BROOKS,
9731 S. Brennan Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60617



JAPANESE twin engine "Betty" bomber at Kangwan Air Base in China, showing huge dive brakes. Photo by Everett S. Gates.

James L. Footitt

● Mr. Footitt passed away July 9, 1965. The magazine which he enjoyed so much will not be renewed.

MRS. JAMES FOOTITT,
Park Forest, Ill.

Frank S. Dempsey

● Frank S. Dempsey, a charter member of the San Francisco Basha, died July 24, 1965, after a short illness. He had served at Sookerting during World War II as special services recreation officer. A life member of the A.A.U. and a member of the Board of Governors Pacific Association A.A.U., he devoted his life to developing and teaching many of the San Francisco Bay area's foremost amateur athletes. He was a resident of the San Francisco Athletic Club and was its track and field commissioner.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

9th Combat Cargo

● January 1965 marked the 20th anniversary of my leaving Myitkyina for the good old U.S.A. I was with the 9th Combat Cargo and we flew C-47s. The 9th Combat Cargo was activated in

West Palm Beach, Fla., in May 1944. We arrived at Sylhet, Northern Assam, at the end of May and were flying over the mountains into Imphal and Kohima by the first of June. I would be grateful if any members of my old outfit would get in touch with me. Perhaps we could have a reunion.

HAROLD M. CORBETT,
5325 Hollywood Ave.
Maple Heights, Ohio

Bring Back Memories

● Your magazine continues to be the most fascinating of many I read, and the pictures and articles bring back many memories. I particularly enjoy the good fellowship among all the ex-CBI people.

GERTRUDE STUESSER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Bombay Disaster

● Enjoyed your article (by Vernon H. Jones, June issue) about the "Disaster of Bombay Harbor." I had never read a full account of it before. I was with the 44th Service Group which landed at Bombay Harbor in the latter part of May after the disaster, and was amazed at the damage I saw to the ships and the buildings in that area.

FLOY D. PARK,
Dinuba, Calif.

Col. Joseph E. Campbell

● Col. Joseph E. Campbell, USA Ret., died July 14, 1965. In his retirement years he had made his home in Burlingame, Calif. He served with the Z Forces in CBI, and was a member of CBIVA and the San Francisco Basha.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.



MODERN transportation in 1945 on the outskirts of Kunming China, probably the same as it was a thousand years earlier in this area. Photo by Everett S. Gates.



TYPICAL street scene in Kunming China, in 1946, showing Chinese girl riding in rickshaw pulled by coolie. Note left side of street parking, typically British. Photo by Everett S. Gates.

Things Have Changed in Houston!

There's always something new in Houston, and the Texans had plenty cooked up for CBIers and their families who attended the 18th annual reunion there August 4 to 7.

This wasn't a repeat of the 1956 affair, even though it was the same Shamrock-Hilton Hotel. Things have changed in Houston!

If there had been nothing else, the fabulous Astrodome and the mushrooming NASA Manned Spacecraft Center would have been enough to make the trip a huge success. But there was plenty more, and along with it all was an abundance of merriment and good fellowship.

There were even surprises from outside Texas—like the "coffee and donut" hour sponsored by that lively gang from Youngstown, Ohio. Who would have expected a "breakfast dance," complete with a genuine live orchestra!

Despite late hours, morning business sessions were well attended. Cincinnati, Ohio, was selected as the site for the 1967 reunion, and preliminary plans for the 1966 event in St. Louis, Mo., were outlined.

New national commander is Joe Pohorsky of Milwaukee, Wis., who has long been active in the association. He succeeds Douglas J. "Digger" Runk of Houston, outgoing commander, who will be a member of the executive committee.

Following is a complete list of the new officers, with their home addresses:

National Commander—Joseph P. Pohorsky, Sr., 3353 S. Adams Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53207

Sr. Vice Commander—Joseph T. Nivert, 267 S. Main Street, Youngstown 15, Ohio.

Jr. Vice Commander-Northwest—Sydney C. Wilson, 325 Barcelona Drive, Millbrae, Calif.

Jr. Vice Commander-West—Col. Warren B. Steele, Ret., Hotel San Diego, Embassy Club, San Diego, Calif. 92112

Jr. Vice Commander-Southwest—Ray A. Lent, 202 Crestwood Drive, Houston, Tex. 77007

Jr. Vice Commander-North—Neil L. Maurer, Laurens, Ia. 50554

Jr. Vice Commander-Great Lakes—Howard P. Clager, 7599 Downing Street, Dayton, Ohio 45414

Jr. Vice Commander-South—Louis K. Sisco, 1409 Monterrey Drive S.E., Huntsville, Ala. 35801

Jr. Vice Commander-Southeast—Charles A. Mitchell, 720 Everglade Drive, Eau Gallie, Fla.

Jr. Vice Commander-East—Bertha Urenson, 4801 N. Warnock Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

Adjutant-Finance Officer—Joseph C. Cicerello, 2851 W. Forest Home Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53215

Judge-Advocate—Ethel G. Yavorsky, 6211 Youngstown-Poland Road, Poland, Ohio 44514

Provost Marshal—Raymond W. Kirkpatrick, 293 Pope Street, San Francisco 12, Calif.

Public Relations Officer—M. E. Stansberry, 5107 Cosby, Houston, Tex. 77021

Service Officer—Louis Gwin, P.O. Box 338, Percy, Ill.

Chaplain—Fr. Edward R. Glavin, 156 E. Main Street, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Historian—Hazel Dean, 309 Isabel Street, Greensboro, N.C.

Surgeon-General—Dante J. Barcella, 11201 S. Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Immediate Past Commander—Douglas J. Runk, 1905 Jean Street, Houston, Tex. 77023

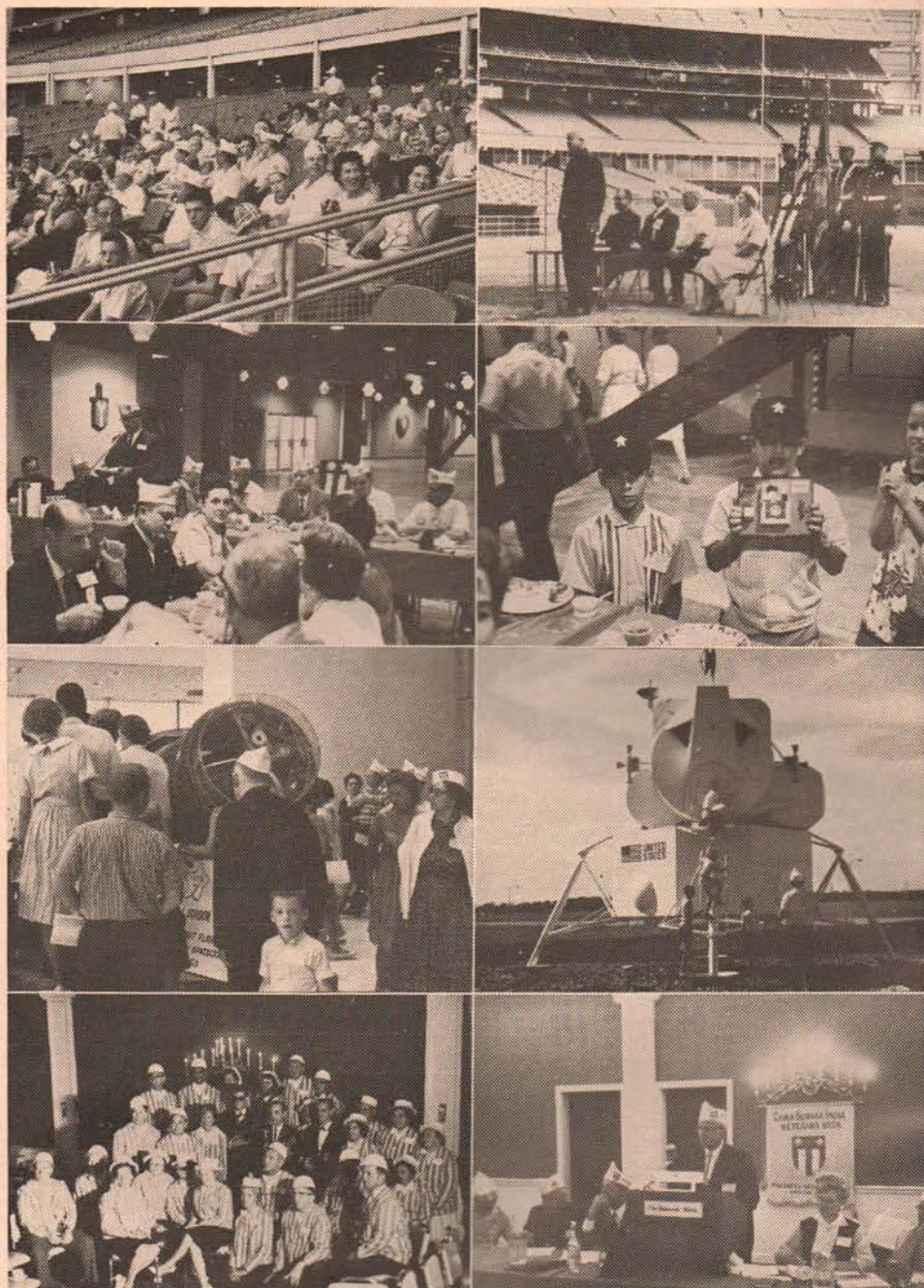
Vera Seder, 5048 N. 32nd Street, Milwaukee, Wis., will again serve as assistant adjutant-finance officer.

Program for the Houston reunion included a visit to the Astrodome, where Father Glavin conducted the memorial service. There was also a tour of this amazing structure, and the Past Commanders Luncheon was held there in the Domeskeller.

The Puja Parade was in front of the hotel. A poolside "shamburger" party had to be moved indoors, due to an unexpected shower, but the weather cooperated to allow an outstanding water show to go on as scheduled.

Big event Friday was a barbecue and western rodeo at Valley Lodge, some distance from the city.

Saturday brought a tour of the Manned Spacecraft Center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. There was an opportunity to see some of the facilities of the Center, and a briefing on its operations. Various exhibits of equipment used in the space program were on display. These included the "Faith 7," spacecraft used by Astronaut Gordon Cooper when he made 22 orbits around the earth in May 1963; the pressure suit and survival gear used by Astronaut Scott Carpenter on his "Aurora 7" flight; scale models of the Gemini and Apollo spacecraft; a mock-up of the Mercury environment control system; cameras used on Mercury flights; exhibits on the Gemini and Apollo programs;



HOUSTON HIGHLIGHTS (starting at upper left)—CBIs gather at the Astrodome; Rev. Edward Glavin, National Chaplain, conducts memorial service; Chuck Mitchell at mike during Past Commanders Luncheon at Astrodome; Jimmy DeChristefero wins a camera; CBIs view Faith 7, the spacecraft in which Astronaut Gordon Cooper made 22 orbits around the earth in May 1963; young CBIs check the vehicle designed to land on the moon; Youngstown, Ohio, gang surprised everyone with a breakfast dance; new National Commander Joe Pohorsky speaks at business session.

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a full scale mock-up of the Apollo lunar excursion module, and other items. The lunar excursion module is the vehicle which will eventually land two American astronauts on the surface of the moon.

Final event was the Commander's Banquet and Ball, held at the Shamrock-Hilton. The 1965 Americanism Award was presented to Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, director of the NASA Manned Spacecraft Center, for the adventurous and pioneer-

ing spirit which has led him to project the United States into the future through manned spacecraft flights.

This year's citation for distinguished service to the China-Burma-India Association went to Robert W. Doucette, a past national commander of CBIVA.

Hospitality rooms were again popular gathering spots for those attending the reunion. As usual, the CBI youth group had its own hospitality room and several special features on the program.

Notice of Subscription Rate Adjustment

Due to increased costs of production, it has become necessary to change subscription rates of Ex-CBI Roundup for the first time in many years.

Effective immediately, the following rates will be in effect:

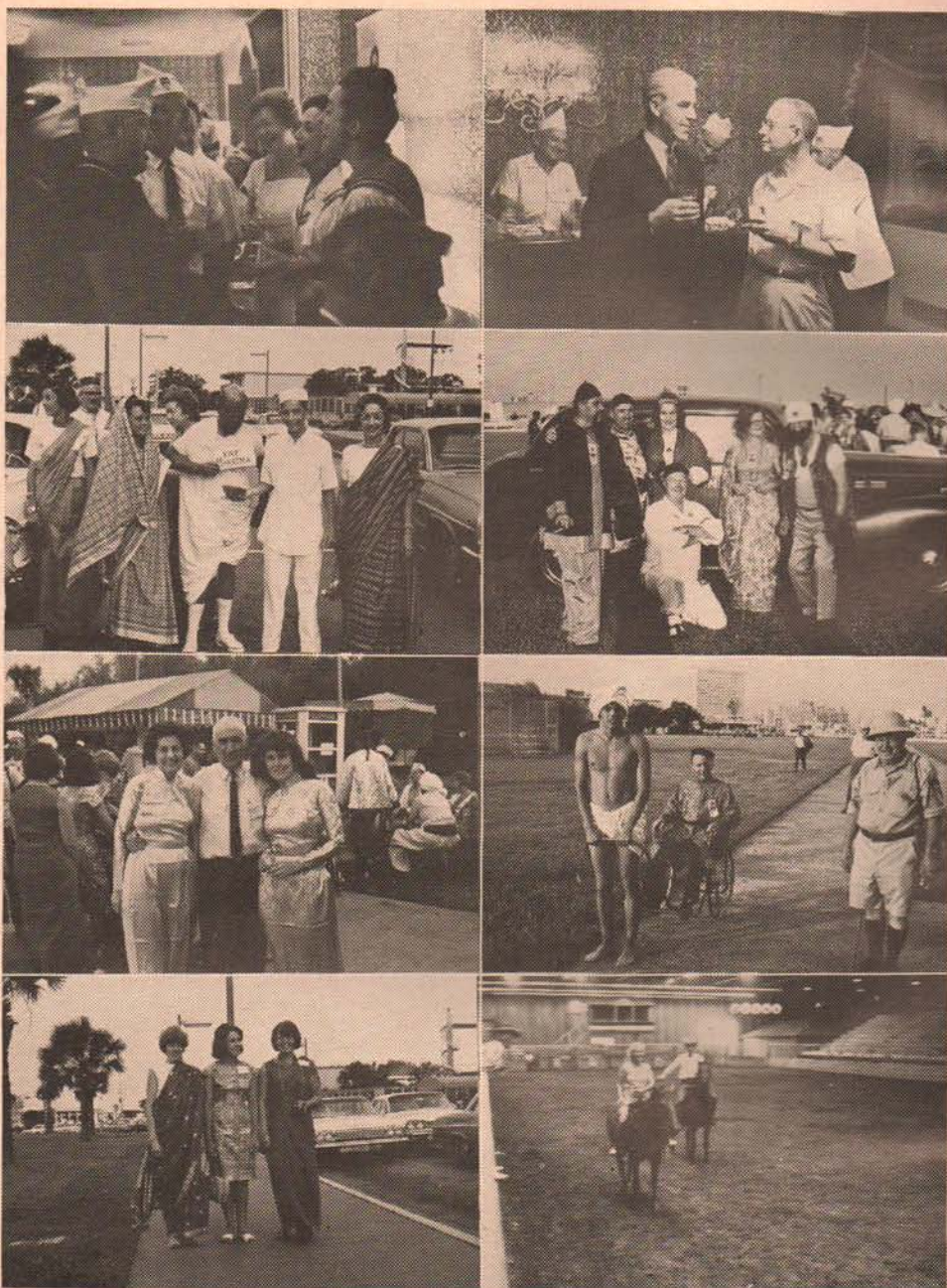
ONE YEAR	\$ 4.00
TWO YEARS	\$ 7.50
THREE YEARS	\$11.50
Foreign, ONE YEAR	\$ 5.00
Foreign, TWO YEARS	\$ 9.00

Single copies will be sold at 40 cents each. Subscription payments received at the old rate will be credited at the single copy price, on a pro-rata basis of 40c per issue.

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P.O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554



HOUSTON HIGHLIGHTS (starting at upper left)—Texas gals lead singing at hospitality room; Dr. Herbert J. Stuart and Boyd Sinclair talk over old times; "Fat Mahatma" Jones gets ready for parade; John Carlson strikes pose before official "commanders' car" as Puja friends look on; Lou Poudre, with wife and daughter, came all the way from Vietnam; ricksha wallah Smith and "fare" pass "British colonel"; Margie Maurer, Mary Ellen Murray and Judy Nivert ready for Puja Parade; Enid Dorton and "Digger" Runk give rodeo hands a few lessons.

Memories of Insult, Blood and Strife

By A. M. ROSENTHAL
New York Times News Service

NEW YORK—The day that Mahatma Gandhi died in 1948 a Pakistani delegate walked across the shabby lounge of the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success in New York and took the Indian delegate by the hand. The two men, blood-bitter antagonists at the council table, stood quietly looking at each other and neither was ashamed of the tears in his eyes.

There were times when Indian and Pakistani officials would meet together in New Delhi over a whisky and water in a drawing room, or in a club, and talk to each other, not only with courtesy but with the kind of tenderness that comes from a fondly remembered shared past, now forever gone.

"Tell me," an Indian from the Punjab would say, "Do they still have that bookshop near the university in Lahore, the one with the men selling sweets outside? Such delicious sweets, I've never tasted anything like the sweets of Lahore."

Or a Pakistani would say:

"Wherever is Balakrishnan? Remember, he was in our regiment. He was a good man, how he could drink, that man; some day, I would like to see him again, that Balakrishnan."

After moments like those, strangers would say to each other, why, Indian and Pakistani are really the same after all, divided by a political partition, but really the same people, brothers, and that is what will count.

That was comforting, but not the whole truth. The two nations, once one, are now at war and communiques speak of air raids and attacks; the danger was never greater to India and Pakistan.

The root of the tragedy are the fears and hazards, the memories of insult and blood and strife, that have divided Hindu from Moslem on the subcontinent.

Some of these divisions spring from a kind of national memory centuries old—Indians' bone-deep remembrance of Mogul conquerors sweeping from the northwest. Some are as fresh as a scream—a Moslem's memory of his brother cut down during riots in Delhi.

Some come from taboos of religion—a Hindu sees a Moslem eat a beefsteak and is sickened.

Some come simply from different ways of thinking. Also largely based on religion. The monotheistic Pakistani is

brought up in a direct one to one relationship with God. He prides himself on straight talk, a yes or no, right or wrong. He is contemptuous of an Indian Hindu, whose religion is more diffuse, who may see God in a tree or a mountain spring and who is more reflective, less sure of where truth lies, believes there may be many truths as there are many Gods.

"You can't trust the Hindu," the Moslem says, simply because for centuries he has not understood his thought processes.

Can these divisions be conquered so the two nations can live in peace?

There are many men in both countries who live in the belief that they must and can. The late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was one such. Before his own politicians who were talking of the heritage of Swaraj—freedom—Nehru rose to denounce those who divided caste from caste, Hindu from Moslem, and he cried:

"If we cannot forget these caste and communal weaknesses which erupt in us at the slightest provocation and cannot tolerate other communities, then to hell with Swaraj!"

There are also Pakistani officers and politicians who fear anti-Hinduism as they fear evil's incarnation, and try to dampen the hatred and hold the reins, and among these has been President Mohammad Ayub Khan.

Many Moslems and Hindus fear that war on the subcontinent could mean hideousness beyond description—the slaughter of the 46 million Moslems in India, the 10 million Hindus in Pakistan, a bath of blood such as the world has never seen.

The antipathies and aversions are part of the heritage of both nations; they breed fear and contempt. From the 11th to the 16th Century the Moslems swept India as conquerors.

The Moslem conquered but he paid for his conquests. He paid with a burden of contempt that distorts the man who carries it—the weakling Hindu, the cowardly Hindu, the cow-worshiping, monkey-loving Hindu. And the other price he paid—he was an alien, never quite at home, never quite trusting the people around, fearful of the inevitable resurgence of Hinduism.

The British, who unified India on the map but not in her soul, helped in some important part to strengthen the image of the Moslem as the fighting man and the Hindu as the "Babu" or clerk—smart,

a little pushy, a good official of the civil service, but a "Babu" nonetheless.

When the time came for independence from Britain, many Moslem leaders feared they would be drowned in a sea of Hinduism as part of India, and so there was partition—the creation of Pakistan, a state whose territory is divided by more than 1,000 miles of India but which managed, against huge odds, to live and prosper a bit, strengthened by its vision of nationhood and its fear of India.

For Moslem Pakistani as well as Hindu Indian knows fear. During the partition riots, when unknown millions died from Calcutta to Bombay both saw how savage they could be, how men of different religions who lived in a village or town for generations, could stab and mutilate each other, and their wives and their children, and their old ones.

The blood of partition was hardly dry when a new ugliness came between India and Pakistan—the struggle over the sweet-scented Vale of Kashmir. This struggle, too, was part of the Hindu-Mos-

lem inheritance of fear and suspicion.

The hope was that as time passed, hatreds would ebb, that one day men would be more rational and perhaps then the issue of Kashmir could be settled.

One day—but not now. Columns and pages and books could be written about Pakistani lawyers defending Hindus in Dacca in East Pakistan, of Moslems in high places in India's government and army, of Hindu and Moslem boys going to school together, of the almost desperate attempt of leaders of both countries for so many years to play down religious hatreds.

These things are all true and are the foundation for whatever hope remains for the subcontinent. But the terrible fear that must eat at the men of responsibility in New Delhi and in Karachi is that if the war goes on Hindu and Moslem far behind the lines will look at each other, shout that terrible cry "unclean!" and that then the knives forged of centuries of hatred and mistrust will be whetted and bloodied.

—THE END



*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

CALCUTTA—Last year 32 boys and 400 girls were kidnapped in West Bengal, according to a State Government source. Altogether 26 boys and 375 girls were recovered and 588 people were arrested in connexion with these cases. In one case a kidnapped boy was found dead.

NEW DELHI—Next to Tibetans, Chinese are the largest foreign minority in India, according to the Home Ministry. The number of persons registered under the Foreigners Act rose from 59,651 in 1963 to 69,915 in 1964. Of them 22,858 were Tibetans, 8,168 Chinese, 6,493 Americans, 4,840 Iranians, 4,354 tribal Pathans, 3,377 Germans, 3,209 Afghans, 2,568 Russians, 1,678 Burmese, 1,366 Italians, 1,361 French, 1,133 Thais and 910 Japanese.

NEW DELHI—The Institute of Applied Manpower Research, in a working paper on "Planned Development and Population Growth," has called for a national birth control plan spread over four plan periods to bring down the birth rate in the country from the present level of 40

per thousand to below 20 in a year. The paper says that if the present growth rate in the population is allowed to continue unchecked the population in the country will, in 1981, be a little less than 720 millions which is almost twice as much as it was in 1951.

CALCUTTA—Several supermarkets and department stores are to be set up in urban areas of India, with two of each to be located in Calcutta.

CALCUTTA—To relieve congestion of through traffic, a by-pass from the vicinity of the Dum Dum airport to Garia, along the eastern periphery of the Calcutta Metropolitan area, is proposed to be constructed during the Fourth Plan period. It will be linked with Calcutta's internal road system. A shorter by-pass, the Calcutta-Dum Dum Super Highway, has already been built.

CALCUTTA—The Union Finance Ministry, presumably in concurrence with the Transport Ministry, has permitted an Indian firm to take over the assets of a Swedish aviation concern which runs a fleet of helicopters. The Swedish organization has been engaged in reconnaissance and survey of the pipelines of the Indian Oil Company. It is believed that this action may make possible the establishment of a helicopter service in Eastern India, including helicopter taxi service between Dum Dum airport and the Calcutta Maidan.

Land of the Great Mogul

By RICHARD A. WELFLE, S. J.

Akbar, the Great Mogul! What a name to conjure with! Descended from that fierce Mongol, Genghis Khan, and with the blood of the mighty Tamerlane coursing in his veins, this most illustrious of the Mogul Monarchs proved himself worthy of such warlike lineage. Utterly fearless, and lusting for power, with his conquering sword he carved out for himself an empire that embraced the whole of Afghanistan and northern India.

It was here in northern India in the old city of Agra, situated on the river Jumna, that the Great Mogul held his brilliant court, surrounded by every extravagance of pomp and luxury. Agra was already well known long before the Magi discovered the new-born Raja in Bethlehem. It did not take on real historical stature, however, until 1558 A.D., when Akbar made it the capital of his newly founded empire. And today this ancient city is still renowned as the home of the world-famous Taj Mahal, whose bewitching beauty attracts tourists from the ends of the earth.

It was late in the evening when my train pulled into the station at Agra, and I immediately engaged a "tonga" to take me to the Cathedral, where I had announced my coming by wire. A "tonga", in case you have never met one, is a contraption with two wheels drawn by one horse, having two seats facing front and back, with one back-rest between them. The coolies piled my luggage in front, I climbed up behind, and we started off, with a full Indian moon spilling its golden radiance down from a cloudless emerald sky.

I was greeted at the presbytery by a sturdy Italian priest who was wearing a brown Capuchin habit, a long patriarchal beard, and an expansive smile. After an enthusiastic welcome, he congratulated me on arriving in Agra at such a perfect time for viewing the Taj Mahal by moonlight. So after a hasty snack, I engaged another "tonga" and made for the Taj. And to all who have Agra on their itinerary, I now venture this bit of advice: be sure to have Thomas Cook & Co. arrange for you to do Agra when the moon is full. It so often happens that the things we hear people rhapsodize about turn out to be disappointing, but I am prepared to swear by all that is fair in the land of the Great

Mogul that the Taj by moonlight will not let you down. It is absolutely superb, positively enchanting, simply But let us first refresh our memories about this glamorous Taj Mahal.

We may begin by saying that the Taj, as one enthusiast has put it, is "a dream in marble" and "the sigh of a broken heart." That is to say it is a magnificent mausoleum which was built by Akbar's grandson, Shah Jahan, to be the final resting place for his lovely consort, Mumtaz Mahal. It was begun in 1631, and twenty years were required to complete it. And just at that time the state coffers were overflowing with gold and silver, so nothing was spared that could possibly enhance the beauty of Mumtaz's tomb. It is made of pure white marble, and the splendid mosaics and inlay work are said to have been originally carried out with diamonds, agate, jasper, rubies, onyx, sapphires, and emeralds. This wealth of materials, and perfection of its workmanship, its exquisite grace and symmetry, all conspire to produce an effect that partakes of the nature of a miracle in the world of art. It is altogether fitting therefore that at the four corners of the spacious terrace on which the Taj rises, tall slender minarets tower up like solemn sentinels standing guard over this priceless achievement.

My tonga drew up in front of the main gateway to the Taj gardens, and, although this grand portal itself is an architectural beauty that might well arrest one's attention, I passed right on through to the gardens. And there on the elevated square that commands an unobstructed view down between the rows of cypress trees that line the bronze fountains and long marble basins leading up to the Taj, I paused—spellbound, speechless. For there at the far end of the basins, silhouetted against the satin starlit sky, and with its perfect image reflected in the water as in a mirror, rose up before me that pale apparition of bewitching beauty that is the Taj Mahal by moonlight. One really wonders if it isn't only an apparition. For it seems to be floating in space, a part of the moonlight, unsubstantial as a dream.

How long I remained rooted to that spot I can not say, for those in rapture are oblivious to time. I recall that at length I strolled aimlessly as in a daze down the avenue of cypress trees past the fountains and right up to the Taj. I think I touched the hard cold marble to

convince myself that it was real. Later I found myself standing beside one of those towering minarets and gazing out over the Jumna that flows below. The river was gleaming like a silver ribbon in the moonlight. The night air was heavy with the fragrance of jasmine from the Taj gardens. Then I was back again drinking in that beauty from the very spot where the ecstasy began. It was reluctant to leave it. When at length I did, I vowed that I would never forget this apparition of the Taj Mahal by moonlight. It haunts me now, and I cherish the hope that it always will.

Next morning found me back again at the Taj. The ruthless Indian sun robs it of some of the charm that the moonlight lends it, but at the same time it reveals new beauties. I now saw that down along either side of the fountains there were marble slabs set zizag on the bright green lawn. As I walked down one of these pathways towards the Taj terrace, doves took to shelter in the cool dark foliage and noisy green parakeets went screeching and wheeling overhead. I crossed the terrace paved with alternate black and white marble squares, then climbed the circular stone stairway inside one of those tall graceful minarets up to the very top. I rejoiced that I had the place to myself, and I spent a long time there taking in this magnificent aerial view of the gardens, the river, and the grand majestic dome of the Taj with its golden spire.

As I descended the circular stairway and emerged on to the marble terrace below, the first person to catch my eye was a swanky immaculately dressed gentleman with a perky little mustache. He was taking pictures of the mosaic work on the Taj with a color camera. He was all alone, and from the amateurish way he wore his brand new sun helmet, I gathered that he had not been long in the land of the Great Mogul. As I approached, he lowered his camera and stared at me intently; I could almost feel his eyes crawling up and down my white cassock. I charitably interpreted his stare to be friendly interest, and thought that he might like to know me better. But before I could offer him an opening, he levelled his camera again at the Taj, with his mustache ridiculously screwed over to the left of his face and his right eye glued to the eye-piece.

Somewhat chagrined, I passed by and proceeded towards a grand portico adorned with Arabic inscriptions. But to enter this portico respect for Mohammedan shrines requires that the visitor remove his shoes. Many find this somewhat embarrassing, however, so a concession is

made to tourists in the form of white canvas galoshes slipped on over the shoes. So, properly shod with this cumbersome footwear, I entered the portico and passed on into the cenotaph chamber. Here, directly in the center beneath the huge dome is the tomb of the Empress Mumtaz, and next to it that of her lord and lover, Shah Jahan. I was told that the Emperor had intended to construct a second Taj for himself, but he never did, because in his latter years Shah Jahan was held in captivity by his own son, Aurangzeb, who considered another mausoleum on the lavish scale of the Taj Mahal a sheer waste of money. So the two who had loved each other so ardently in life lie side by side in death.

The marble screen that surrounds the tomb of Mumtaz is one of the most glorious achievements of the Taj. It is really a gorgeous piece of lacework carved in marble, so delicate that no description could do it justice. One can only stand in awe and marvel at it. This is precisely what I was doing, when I became aware of the man with the funny mustache standing beside me. We happened to glance up just at the same moment, and our eyes met. I decided to take another chance at getting acquainted, but to my surprise he beat me to it.

"Marvelous, isn't it?" he said, referring to the beauty of that marble screen.

We were off.

"Marvelous is really the word for it," I agreed wholeheartedly. "I have never seen anything like it."

Then he fixed me with a quizzical eye, and said: "You're an American, aren't you?"

I pleaded guilty: "How did you guess it?"

"Your speech betrays you." He smiled and offered his hand. "My name is McLeod. How long have you been out here in India?"

"A good many years."

McLeod arched an eyebrow.

"Really? I rather thought you must have been out quite some time, for I overheard you speaking Hindi to the guide." He glanced at my cassock. "Am I correct in taking you for a clergyman?"

"Guilty again," I replied.

"C of E (Church of England)?" he pursued.

"No R C (Roman Catholic)."

McLeod recoiled slightly. We left the cenotaph chamber in silence. Then while our galoshes were being removed, I tried to revive him.

"Have you been out long yourself?" I asked.

"Less than a week," he confessed. "I just ran up here from Bombay to see the Taj. I'm out here to attend a Missionary Council in Madras."

It was now my turn to raise an eyebrow. I wondered why McLeod, apparently an ordinary layman, should come out to India to take part in a missionary meeting. He must have read my thoughts, for by way of explanation he now said, smiling complacently: "Since your cassock reveals your profession, I suppose it is only fair that I should tell you that I am a Padre myself—in disguise, if you wish. I'm out here to represent the Church of Scotland at this Missionary Congress."

He chuckled over my reaction of surprise, and this slightly nettled me. However, I felt that I could prick his bubble of satisfaction.

"You get full marks for that one," I conceded. "I never dreamt that you were a Padre. But perhaps I can even up the score. My speech may betray me as an American, and my cassock as a priest, but you have not yet learned all. I am also a Jesuit—in disguise, if you wish."

McLeod threw up his hands. "O Lord, deliver me!" he cried. "You win! You win! But I must have a picture of this."

He removed his camera from its case, and while I obligingly posed with the Taj for a background, I heard him utter gleefully: "By Jove, I had to come all the way to India to meet a Jesuit in the flesh."

"I say," said McLeod, putting away his camera, "have you finished looking at this wonderful Taj now?"

"Yes, I think so. Why?"

"Well, what's next on your program?"

"I thought of doing Akbar's fort," I said.

"And how are you going to get there? Have you a car?"

"No. I came out here in a tonga."

McLeod clicked his tongue in disapproval, and fixed me with his hard blue eyes.

"Very edifying, and all that!" he remarked, dryly. "But I now dispense you from your vow of poverty for the rest of the day. I have a car out in front. It's a taxi, but if you don't mind riding in public with a Presbyterian Padre, you may tell your friends afterwards that you met a Scotchman who paid the entire bill. Right?"

"I accept the dispensation from my vow of poverty," I said. "But then that should permit me also to do something about the bill."

"Now! Now!" McLeod protested. "Don't tempt me. After all, I am Scotch."

So we made for Akbar's Fort.

This imposing citadel, built for the most part in red sandstone, was once the impregnable stronghold of the Great Mogul. Here in perfect security he held his court, maintained his luxurious seraglio, enjoyed his elephant fights, and indulged in every excess of pomp and grandeur that his fancy might dictate. Today the palatial halls and marble mosques, the towers, balconies, and terraces are all deserted. But for the visitor to Agra, Akbar's Fort is still an attraction second only to the Taj Mahal.

The whole fortification covers an area of one mile and a half, sprawled out along the Jumna river some distance below the Taj. It is closed in on all sides by double massive stone walls, the inner one being twenty feet high and crowned with ramparts and bastions. There are four huge gateways into the Fort. The most impressive of these is the one called the Delhi Gate, with imposing towers and elaborate architecture. It was from the top of this archway that the kettle drums once boomed to announce the arrival or departure of the Great Mogul.

McLeod and I entered by the Amar Singh Gateway, named after a brave Maharaja by that name, around whom tradition has woven some most fantastic tales. We plodded our way up the long ascending ramp that leads to an open courtyard. The first thing to attract one's attention here is a huge stone basin that looks very much like an overgrown mixing bowl. It is five feet deep, eight in diameter, twenty-five in circumference, and hewn from a single block of porphyry. We were curious to know what this had been used for, and the guide told us that it was the Emperor Jahangir's bathtub.

The various buildings within the Fort—the palaces, pavilions, halls, and mosques—are all magnificent specimens of Mogul architecture, elaborately adorned with paintings, carvings, and inlay work. They are built of red sandstone, except the Pearl Mosque, and the private palaces, which are structures of splendid white marble. The Pearl Mosque is so named, because it formerly housed a wondrous pearl of extraordinary size and lustre, suspended from the ceiling by a thin gold chain.

Perhaps the most beautiful achievement in all this lavish array of regal splendor is the Jasmine Tower, overlooking the Jumna river. While McLeod and I were standing on the balcony of the Tower, gazing at the Taj Mahal in the distance, the guide produced a small stool and placed it against the wall of the Tower. "Step up on the stool, and look at that," he said, pointing to a small

stone set in the wall. To my astonishment, I beheld a tiny but perfect image of the distant Taj. Since the stone is placed considerably higher than the head of an ordinary individual, I was inclined to believe the guide who said that it was purely accidental that the stone had such a perfectly smooth surface and was set just at the right angle to catch this remarkable reflection of the Taj.

It was getting well on in the afternoon when McLeod and I left the Fort. He accompanied me back to the Cathedral, then came the parting and farewell. McLeod insisted that I must look him up, if I should ever get to Scotland, and I promised that I certainly would.

McLeod's taxi had scarcely left the compound, when another car entered. It had four occupants: a man, a woman, and two teen-age girls. The car came to a halt right next to me, and all four faces were wreathed in smiles. It was so unmistakably a case of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," that I was not in the least surprised when the head of the family sang out: "Father, meet the O'Kellys!"

"And please, Father," said Mrs. O'Kelly, "don't mind our appearance. We have just motored through from Delhi, and the roads were frightfully dusty. We saw the church as we were coming along, and tomorrow being Sunday I told Michael to drive in to find out the time of Mass in the morning."

Thus it came about that the following morning after Mass, Mr. O'Kelly drove me out to Fatehpur Sikri, the old dead city about 20 miles from Agra, which is undoubtedly Akbar's most astounding architectural achievement and the most impressive memorial of his greatness. I was very anxious to visit this place, for centuries ago one of my Jesuit confreres, Blessed Rudolph Acquaviva, had spent three years at Fatehpur Sikri, in an effort to convert the Great Mogul to Christianity.

After witnessing the extravagant splendor of the Agra Fort, one naturally wonders how Akbar came to rear this still more imposing citadel in the wilderness within such a short distance of that elaborate stronghold on the banks of the Jumna. The guide gave us the explanation. The Great Mogul had one consuming desire, namely to have a male heir. But at the age of twenty-seven he still found himself with that desire unfulfilled. Then one day while returning from a campaign, Akbar halted at the little village of Sikri. In a cave near by dwelt a holy hermit by the name of Salim Chisti. The Emperor was told of many marvelous favors obtained through the miraculous powers of this saintly recluse. Akbar

immediately revealed his great desire to the holy hermit, and was told that he would most surely be blessed with a son. The prophecy came true within the following year, and so great was Akbar's joy and gratitude, that he decided to transfer his capital to this spot where the supposedly divine favor was granted.

Thus, within the remarkably short time of four years sprang up this second city of red sandstone, with its luxurious palaces and spacious halls, pavilions and paved courtyards, domes and towers and minarets, all surrounded by a massive stone wall that measures six miles in circumference. One of the most interesting buildings is the "Hall of Private Audience," with its marvelously sculptured pillar, on top of which Akbar sat when giving audiences, for fear of assassination. The guide led us to a room once beautifully frescoed, which we were told had been the royal bed-chamber. Adjoining it was another room containing a dais, which had been occupied by Akbar's Hindu astrologer. From the bed-chamber, passageways closed in by red sandstone screens, branch off in various directions, by means of which the Emperor was able to reach all the important buildings of the city without being seen. Perhaps the most impressive building of all is the one called the "Panch Mahal" or "Palace of Five Storeys." It is an ingenious arrangement of five pavilion-like structures resting on ornate pillars, each smaller than the one below, so as to give the whole a tapering effect of airy gracefulness. It commands a fine view of the entire city, and our guide informed us that the Emperor was wont to retire here at sundown to enjoy the cool evening breeze.

As we wandered about the old city, I was anxious to identify the room which Blessed Rudolph Acquaviva had occupied during his three years at the court of the Great Mogul. This led to an incident which I enjoyed immensely, but I am sure our Mohammedan guide failed to see any humor in it. Intending to be helpful, the guide had suggested that very probably Father Acquaviva lived in one of the buildings outside the city walls. But Mr. O'Kelly reacted to this as though the guide had poked him on an exposed nerve.

"You idiot!" O'Kelley exploded. "This man we're talking about was a personal friend of the Emperor, and a CATHOLIC PRIEST. So you can be sure that he had one of those palaces right next to the Great Mogul himself."

The poor guide wilted, and during the rest of the search, which in the end proved in vain, Mr. O'Kelley's sustained wrath sought release in periodic ejacula-

tions: "Imagine, outside the city walls! Ridiculous! The counfounded ass!"

Father Rudolph Acquaviva had come to Fatehpur Sikri all the way from Goa in southern India at Akbar's request, and he had entertained high hopes of winning him over to Christianity. But although Acquaviva's prodigious learning and sanctity merited from Akbar the title of "Holy Doctor of the Law," his efforts at converting the Emperor ended in failure. Acquaviva returned to Goa to win a martyr's crown, while Akbar became obsessed with the fixed idea of

founding a new religion of his own.

Those years that Acquaviva spent at Akbar's court were not without fruit, for they paved the way for later missions into the kingdom of the Great Mogul. Today in those same districts of northern India which once were under Mogul sway there are missionaries filled with the same high purpose that fired the valiant soul of Acquaviva—the ambition to establish there in the decayed empire of the Great Mogul the lasting Kingdom of the King of Kings. —THE END



THE BIG WAR. By Anthon Myer. Dell Publishing Co., New York, N.Y. September 1965. Paperback, 85c.

A novel about American Marines in action against the Japanese in the South Pacific. There is a gallery of diverse types of fighting men and the effects of terrific combat upon them, and additional portraits of civilians in the men's backgrounds. This was hailed as one of the great war novels when first published in 1957.

TARGET TOKYO. By James M. Merrill. Popular Library, New York, N.Y. September 1965. Paperback, 50c.

The exciting account of the famous Doolittle bombing raid on Japan in 1942, America's first big strike-back after Pearl Harbor and the disasters which followed. A complete account, from planning to execution of the mission. This book, which brings together information previously published in many scattered accounts, was published last year in hardcover.

CASSIO AND THE LIFE DIVINE. By David Rubin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York, N.Y. September 1965. \$4.95.

This is a story of the adventures of a young American teacher adrift and yet at home in India. He is grieving for his sister, who died young, and at the same time looking for some kind of religious belief and falling in love with an American girl, who is a pursuer of Indian religion. This is awkward because he has been hired to find her and return her to her evil—but rich—half sister.

CHINESE FOLK MEDICINE. By Heinrich Wallnofer and Anna Von Bothanscher. Crown Publishers, New York, N.Y. October 1965. \$3.95.

An astonishing compendium of Chinese medical knowledge, superstition, and surprisingly effective therapies, as handed down from one generation to another over a period of thousands of years.

THE MOTHER. By Pearl S. Buck. Pocket Cardinal Edition. September 1965. Paperback, 50c.

A novel of 20th century China, concerning the mother's love and courage in defense of her son who is to be shot as a communist. Pearl Buck was the first American woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature.

FAIRY TALES OF THE ORIENT. By Pearl S. Buck. Simon & Schuster, New York, N.Y. September 1965. \$5.95.

From China, Japan, India, Arabia, Persia and remote corners of the Orient, Pearl S. Buck has gathered sultans and sultanas, peris and demons, bewitched maidens, questing princes, fabled beasts. For each story she has written a delightful introduction, and the result is an enchanting book for children.

THE EMPEROR'S PEARL. By Robert Van Gulik. Bantam Books, New York, N.Y. September 1965. Paperback, 50c.

A recent (1964) Judge Dee mystery of 7th century China which, like all the others in the series, expertly intertwines several cases under the scrutiny of this sophisticated Oriental detective. They run the gamut from a missing imperial jewel to the death of a drummer on a dragon boat.

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The Plight of the Untouchables

Des Moines Tribune-Chicago News Service

NEW DELHI, INDIA—India's untouchables still risk their lives for a drink of water.

Indian independence, now in its eighteenth year, was supposed to improve the lot of the untouchables, who number some 80 million. The late Mohandas K. Gandhi renamed them Harijans (children of God). But throughout the country, they continue to be despised.

Reports that the government of Lal Bahadur Shastri is building separate water wells for the segregated Harijans in villages gave a severe jolt to many conscientious westernized Indians.

It has been a tradition that untouchables must not drink the same water as Indians of the higher castes. Offenders were often stoned to death. Even today Harijans are severely beaten for violating the rule.

Outraged

Lakshumanan Elayaperumal, a Harijan member of the Indian Parliament and chairman of a government-appointed committee investigating the condition of untouchables, visited some of the villages near New Delhi last month. He was outraged to find that Harijans were still segregated in village communities.

Accounting for the construction of separate wells for Harijans, a government official explained: "We constructed wells in different localities, and since the Harijans lived separately, these wells were regarded by other communities as exclusively for Harijans."

The correspondent of a leading New Delhi newspaper wrote: "The fact is that the Harijans dare not go near the wells used by other communities."

Elayaperumal accused the authorities of ignoring the laws against the practice of untouchability, and the police of turning a deaf ear to the complaints made by Harijans against violations.

Forced to Pay

Buney Lal, a sweeper from Waire, a village in Saharanpur district, said that although education is supposed to be free for Harijan children, the parents in Waire are forced to pay money to the school on one pretext or another.

Government-controlled essential commodities, such as food and kerosene, that were meant to be equally distributed to all never reached the Harijans. They go hungry.

Dr. Bhim Rao Ambedkar, a Harijan,

prepared the draft of the constitution that guarantees democracy and equality for everyone in India and made untouchability a crime.

Later Dr. Ambedkar fell out with the late Jawaharlal Nehru and died a disillusioned man. His followers organized the militant Republican Party to fight for the rights of the untouchables, largely without success.

Few Prominent

Harijans continue to be elected to a limited number of seats in the Parliament reserved for them. But there are practically no Harijan diplomats, journalists or high civil or military officers.

The ease with which the untouchables, particularly the sweepers, are put down by the authorities when they ask for wage increase, is in sharp contrast to the government's lack of action when striking dock workers in Bombay and Calcutta for example tie up millions of dollars worth of American food grains sent to feed India's hungry millions.

Untouchables are arrested by the score and thrown into jail under pretext that they are violating the "Defense of India regulations."

Indian society remains stratified. But as a new class of literate though repressed Harijans slowly comes into existence, and grows in numbers, an ever-increasing discontent if not open revolt will cause sleepless nights to future rulers.

—THE END

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Sophisticated Caves in Hillsides

By **CHARLES TAYLOR**
Globe and Mail

LOYANG, CHINA—Between Sian and Loyang, the train pulls slowly through mountain gorges of wild and rugged splendor.

This is cruel country. Rushing down to the Yellow river, the mountain streams can wash away the sparse fertile soil and drown the plains in devastating floods.

On the mountainsides, peasants were scratching the soil with their hoes. The hills were banked with intricate, narrow terraces. Some had already given grain and were now in seed. On others, men, women and children were carefully picking the last bolls of cotton from the spindly plants.

They were working the land right up to the railroad track—often in strips only three feet wide—with the careful cultivation that has been the mark of Chinese peasants through the centuries.

They were also taking steps to check the timeless ravages of nature. Dotted by the dozens across the hillside, some were planting trees to stop erosion of the sparse and sandy soil. On the plain below, hundreds of peasants were painfully hauling slabs of rock to the river bank, for a dam that will control the torrent.

Along the Yellow river, old and new live side by side. On the plain, smoking factory chimneys and blocks of apartments were signs of progress.

But on the hillsides, dozens of villages, and perhaps whole communes, were living in caves. For mile after mile, the peasants had burrowed out their homes, giving the hills the look of gigantic Swiss cheeses.

These were sophisticated caves. Some had several rooms, and were possibly commune offices or assembly halls. Others had earthenwalled rooms with thatched roofs built on front.

Many entrances were symmetrically arched, most had wooden doors, and some had glass windows. At dusk, some of the windows lit up, and it became evident that many of the caves had electricity.

For centuries, the Yellow river has been a tremendous menace to hundreds of millions of Chinese peasants. Often, it has swept away whole villages, bringing death and famine.

Always, there has been the problem of erosion—the loss of fertile cropland and

the accumulation of silt and sediment in the river bed.

With some fanfare, the Chinese Government announced ambitious plans to tame the torrent. Blasting started in 1957 on a series of major dams and reservoirs—to control the floods, to provide water for irrigation and to generate electric power. In the decade up to 1967, an estimated \$2.6 billion would be spent, according to an early announcement. All told the works would irrigate 7 per cent of all the arable land in China, and produce 11 billion kilowatts a year.

By far the biggest project was the San Men Gorge Dam, 1200 feet high, which was to have a vast reservoir and to generate much of the projected power.

Much of the money, the machinery and the engineering skills were to be provided by the Soviet Union. But these projects evidently suffered setbacks when the Sino-Soviet dispute worsened; aid was suspended and Soviet experts withdrawn from China in 1960.

To some extent, the Chinese may have filled the gap through their own efforts.

In the Taiyuan heavy machinery factory, the chief engineer said his workers had designed and built a 350-ton crane for the San Men project, to replace a promised Soviet crane that had never arrived. It had taken two years to build, and had been in operation for three years, he added. But it is far from clear how much of the San Men project has been completed.

Observers think that much of the work, especially the power side, has been in virtual abeyance since the Soviet pullout and the setbacks of China's Great Leap Forward. At any rate, it is impossible to find out by direct observation. Like other foreign journalists, I was refused permission to visit the San Men Gorge.

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CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues
of *The Calcutta Statesman*

CALCUTTA—Not as a traditional beverage, but as a cocktail base, India tea made some headway in the coffee-drinking USA and continental Europe. It goes fine with both spirits and wines, and numerous recipes have already been evolved. Recently a West German city mayor developed a recipe of his own tea-based cocktail, described as unique by connoisseurs. The Indian Tea Board has decided to send Mr. Tenzing Norgay for a tour of West Germany to popularize the cocktail.

MADRAS—Salk polio vaccine will be produced soon, for the first time in the country, at the Pasteur Institute, Coonoor. Construction of new buildings and installation of equipment is reported to be almost complete. The project has received technical assistance from the United States.

CALCUTTA—A huge quantity of tea from the Dooars and Assam is lost through pilferage from railway wagons. The incidence has reached alarming proportions. Senior officials of several Calcutta firms have complained that representations to the railways and the port commissioners had produced little result. The tea has been taken from chests either during transit or at the port commission's yards or warehouses.

LAKSHIMPUR-KHERI—Six children were reported to have been killed and at least a dozen others injured by hyenas in Lakshimpur-Kheri district during the last month. The animals were reported to have attacked the children during the day when their elders were busy in the fields.

NEW DELHI—The biggest Oberoi hotel in India and Pakistan was opened recently in New Delhi. Overlooking Humayun's tomb and visible from a distance of three miles, the eight-storey hotel has 350 rooms.

CHANDIGARH—The new Faridabad township, near Delhi, will soon have an Everest heroes conclave, as all the Punjabis included in this year's victorious Everest team will be given free land there. The gift—a residential plot of 500 square yards per member—was announced by Mr. Ram Kishen, Punjab's Chief Minister, at a State reception.

DARJEELING—Malarial infection has been detected in the common Himalayan flying squirrel at Darjeeling by Dr. B. Dasgupta, head of the Department of Zoology, Darjeeling Government College. Detailed laboratory investigation is continuing.

KARACHI—The arrival of a police party at a bridge under construction near Khulna, in East Pakistan, recently saved the life of a boy who was about to be sacrificed, according to a report by the Associated Press of Pakistan. The agency said the boy was to be offered to the river goddess to pacify her and stop her obstructing the work on Patkelghata bridge in Satkhira. Police arrested the contractor and an accomplice for allegedly procuring the boy as a human sacrifice.

BOMBAY—A target of 40 million trees has been set by the Maharashtra Government during the current Vana Mahotsava campaign. The emphasis will be on planting of fuel trees, particularly on the vast stretches of waste land in rural areas where the soil is too impoverished for cultivation. Care of the trees is proposed to be made the responsibility of school children, who are expected to be given the incentive of "bonus marks" in their examination reports.

BHOPAL—Not to be outdone by his elder brother, who had shot a huge 9-foot 3-inch tiger a fortnight earlier, the second son of the Maharaja of Narsingharh, 11-year-old Prince Rajavardhan Singh, recently bagged his first trophy. The young prince shot, late at night, an 8-foot 11-inch tigress about 40 miles from Bhopal.

NEW DELHI—India has agreed, at Nepal's request, to execute the latter's 450-mile east-west highway project. The highway was to have been built by the Chinese, but they later backed out. India, which is already building an extensive communications network in Nepal, plans to put the project on a high priority basis and to complete it by 1972. The road, which will help greatly in the economic development of southern Nepal, will traverse the Terai region and run close to the Indian border.

DARBHANGA—Snakes driven out of their holes by the floods have bitten to death 11 persons in Kuseswar Asthan and Benipatti anchals in Darbhanga district.

CALCUTTA—An effort is being made by police to clear Calcutta streets of hawkers. A few nine-foot platforms, to be used as hawkers' corners, will be erected by the government to give vendors a place to ply their trade.

In India, Tea Time Is Quite Often

By CONRAD FINK
The Associated Press

NEW DELHI—British colonial rulers brought to India constitutional law, science and western medicine. They also brought "tea time."

And tea time, after all, might be where they made their mark.

For the Indians haven't merely accepted this old British institution. They have set out, with a fervor that sometimes frightens, to develop it into an art form.

Indians don't go so far as to say tea—it comes as many as six times daily—makes the world go around. But no sane Indian would dream of starting his day without it.

And he'll go to much trouble to get it—or serve it, for that matter, if that's his job.

"Morning tea bearers," in white uniforms and colorful turbans, perform fantastic feats of acrobatics to deliver tea trays to sleeping compartments on trains in India.

The "bearers" (in India, it's never "Hey, waiter") jump from the dining car during a short pre-dawn halt and run

from sleeper to sleeper to awaken passengers with a steaming cup and a biscuit or perhaps a bit of fruit.

Tea also is drunk with breakfast, which follows morning tea, and again at mid-morning. Then, tea often is had with lunch as a sort of warm-up for the most important time of all—afternoon tea.

This is a full-scale affair that among upper classes calls for tables on wide expanses of green lawn, white linen, a silver serving set and mounds of cucumber sandwiches, fruit cakes and biscuits.

Small-talk and light banter are considered good form for afternoon tea conversation and it's proper to "sluurrp" rather than sip.

Tea also comes at dinner and sometimes in the evening. American tourists, usually more interested in a good cup of coffee, get a little impatient with tea all the time. But tea bearers won't be dissuaded. It's tea you'll have.

The strange thing about all this is that although Indian black tea is among the world's finest, Indians dose it heavily with thick milk and many lumps of sugar so it's hard to taste the tea.

Glass Breaks Fast of Yogi, 76

By R. C. PANDE
United Press International

NEW DELHI—Lakashmanasandra Srikantha Rao, 76, a Hindu yogi, begins his day with a breakfast of broken glass. He lunches on doornails and washes down his dinner of screws, nuts and bolts with a cup of flaming sulphuric acid.

On rare occasions, when his meals do not agree with his digestive system, he takes a sip of cyanides, mixed with an ounce of water.

When a UPI photographer interviewed Yogi Rao in a small New Delhi hotel, he had just finished a breakfast of steel tacks and pins. But to oblige the photographer, Rao promised to take another helping of pins and tacks ("or, would you like me to eat some glass?")

Yoga, the ancient Hindu discipline of controlling mind and body through Aasans (physical and mental jerks), is "the right solution for everything," according to Rao.

"All that human beings need for survival, is a daily ration of rice—just a handful—and water," he said.

"Starch keeps the body and mind in good trim. You can live on with a regular diet of nothing but rice."

"Would broken glass, nails and acids help Indians solve their current food problems?" he was asked.

"Certainly, this diet can help people who have the perseverance needed to regularly train their body and mind. It is a rough course, especially during the initial stages, and that is when people crack down."

"How long do you plan to live?"

"Indefinitely, but I shall attain 'Samadhi' (preplanned death) at the age of 125 years. That's enough."

"Who is your most favorite foreign follower of Yoga?"

Yogi Rao said he had flourishing Yoga centers in Hollywood, Paris and London. "My most successful disciple abroad is undoubtedly Herb Jeffries in Hollywood."

The Yogi said the baritone singer's family is devoted to Yoga.

Rao said other foreign dignitaries to whom he gave Yoga training include Josef Stalin, Marilyn Monroe, Julian Huxley and Winston Churchill.

His striking resemblance to the mad Russian monk, Rasputin, won Rao a role in a Russian film about the monk in 1951.

"I didn't accept a single ruble for the assignment," Rao said.



AMONG the many temples in Calcutta is Belur Math, located on the banks of the Hooghly River. (1964 Roundup photo)



STREET scene in Calcutta. Sign on building in center background indicates it is the home of "Modern Drug Store." (1964 Roundup photo)



Commander's Message

by

Joseph P. Pohorsky, Sr.

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

As your commander for the coming year, I am deeply humbled by its magnitude. I fully realize that any success I may attain will be gained by the continued efforts on my part and the co-operation of my fellow officers. I have full confidence in all my officers. Each of us has a duty to fulfill. As Commander I am mindful of the duties connected with this high office. I realize along with the glory of being Commander goes a lot of headaches, heartaches, and hard work. I am prepared for all of them. I want to assure you all that I will do my utmost to fulfill this office.

The last week in July our car was packed and ready to go to Houston, but we had a slight delay. We had to wait for the main attraction of our family, Joe Jr., who just completed four years in the U.S. Air Force. He drove two days, 1,200 miles home, so he could join us on our trip to Houston. After two and a half more days and 1,268 miles of driving we arrived at the Shamrock Hilton.

Tuesday evening Digger Runk and R.C. Jones had a social gathering for early arrivals in their respective suites. Food, liquid refreshments and good old CBI sociability was the menu for the night. Some of us lucky people retired early, as we wanted to try our luck at deep sea fishing. Can you picture anyone, especially a CBier, getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning to go fishing? There were 26 in the party. Our catch was—rough sea, cold wind, wet feet and a few beers. Unfortunately we had bad

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—Ed.

weather and had to return. Most of us are still telling fish stories.

Wednesday night the Houston Basha put on a Happy Hour, with food and liquid refreshments.

Thursday morning we had an eye opener. The eighth wonder of the world—the Astrodome. Believe me you have to see it to believe it. Only in Texas can a unique stadium of this size exist. At this fabulous Astrodome we enjoyed the Past Commanders luncheon and the Memorial Service conducted by Father Glavin. Following the business session, a colorful Puja parade and shamburger party was enjoyed by all. Then came the spectacular water show, followed by the hospitality rooms. We sure had a lot of them this year. Let's not forget to give credit to those who work year after year in the hospitality room. The gang from Philly, Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee have had hospitality rooms almost as far back as I can remember. The gang from San Francisco (brought along their own sour dough bread) and Ohio also had a hospitality room.

Who would believe it when Ethel Yavorsky said they were going to have a breakfast hour with coffee and doughnuts and an orchestra for dancing at 8 o'clock in the morning. I'm sure every one will talk about the good sports from the Mahoning Valley Basha, who were dressed to really wake us up. Did you see all those free samples? I wonder how she had all the room in her suitcase. Ethel is a real worker and we can all be proud of her and the Mahoning Valley gang.

The old West came to light on Friday as we all went out to the Bar-B-Que and Rodeo. Saturday, young and old alike enjoyed the wonderful tour of the Manned Spacecraft Center, and the delicious meal. Saturday night the Milwaukee guys and gals gathered in Past National Commander Bob Doucette and his lovely wife Mickey's suite for our traditional cocktail party before the Commanders Banquet.

Those receiving awards were Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, director of the manned space craft center, the Americanism Award. Past Commander Bob Doucette was recipient of the award of merit, which is given annually to a CBI member. The committee has made a most deserving selection. After the awards, installation, and the dance, we all gathered in the hospitality rooms once more.

Sunday was a busy day, some were packing, some just sleeping late, others still enjoying the pool. A few fast trips to the airport, seeing friends off, fast goodbyes. A happy group of people going home with many pleasant memories, till another reunion.



CALCUTTA harbor in the Hooghly River, as it looked from a departing troopship in February, 1946. Photo by C. P. O'Connell.

Fred P. Dollenberg

● Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, 49, Army Air Corps ace credited with downing 17 Japanese Zeros and with the sinking of five Japanese warships, died in Philadelphia in May. He was president of Lectra, Inc., manufacturers of fuel igniters for automobiles. He was one of the most decorated fliers to serve in the South Pacific during World War II.

(From Philadelphia Inquirer clipping submitted by Carroll S. Bechtel, Crystal River, Fla.)

Story About Simla

● Enjoyed hearing from you and about the old bases. I can appreciate how hard it would be to find out what happened to some of the bases, because they were in remote, out of the way places. I just thought there might be some way to find out about them. Now, I realize how difficult it would be, since the Government of India has changed radically since we were guests of the British. Recently, in the magazine sec-

tion of the San Francisco Chronicle there was quite a story about Simla, the hill station where the British had their "summer government." It was most interesting to me because I spent two furloughs there during my stay in India. It was not too well known by the GI's and there really weren't too many Ameri-

can soldiers up there. It was a sleepy little place, but cool and remote and a nice place to spend a quiet couple of weeks. That is if you survived the taxi ride up the hill. One time we took the narrow gauge railroad trip down the mountain, and that was like riding a roller coaster.

ROCCO V. PERNETTI,
Los Banos, Calif.

Both CBI Veterans

● Both my husband and I are CBI veterans. Major Scott was with the 181 Signal Repair Company, then 3199 Signal Battalion, and I was nurse with 73 Evacuation Hospital.

ELIZABETH SCOTT,
Lander, Wyo.

Served in China

● Served in China in late 1945 and most of 1946, Peiping to Tientsin, north to the wall and south to the Gobi desert. I would like to hear from anyone who served there with me in the U.S. Marine Corps; Tientsin Co. A 1st Sep. Eng. Bn. F.M.F. Pac.; Tientsin Co. A 1st Bn. 1st Reg. 1st Div.; Peiping Mag. 12 Sqn. 24 1st Air Wing.

ROY D. DONALD,
Rt. 4, 1287 Lamb Rd.,
Mason, Mich.



VEILED Moslem women rest in ruins of an old temple near the Qutb Minar, not far from New Delhi. Photo by C. P. O'Connell.



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